

A
LETTER

FROM

1485 *St. 5*

A CATHOLICK GENTLEMAN

TO HIS

Popish Friends,

Now to be Exil'd from

LONDON.

Dated, Nov. 6. 1678.

Licensed, 1678.

And by force

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LETTER



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LONDON

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A Letter from a Catholick Gentleman to his Popish Friends.

SIRS!

M Ethinks here's a strange disappointment! sow
Tares, and reap Hemp! so many Catholick
Calves, that might have proved Bulls of Ba-
shan, now turn'd to Grass i'th' depth of Winter; sic
upon two ugly Proverbs, *All coves, all loose*; and peo-
ple can't see when they are well, not minding these has
ruined us. Well may our Irish Friends, cry *Oh home!*
Oh home! and skulking Priests sing *Lacryma*, that lately
hop'd to have Chanted *Jovial Anthems at Three King-*
doms Funerals. We are certain, *This* is at least the
Two hundredth Religious PLOT, we have contrived
against th' *Hereticks*, and as *Hopeful* as any; and yet to
miscarry thus at last, would make a Capuchine out-swear
a *loosening Gamester*. Sure *Holy Church*, though she be
Infallible in divinity, is subject to *several Mistakes* in
her Politicks, though confident we are, *had been a flood*
newer; things had never come to this pass. But what
signifies it to have *the Keyes*, when the *Hands* are altered.

Well! since it must be so, *Farewell LONDON!*
we thought *once more* to have *warm'd our hands in*

A 2

This,

(4)
Thee, before we went, I'll say that for thee, thou wert
one of our best Friends in the land, for a Jesuitical Fox
to corbin. His latest Kermel was a Ladies Chamber, the
modesty of the Messenger left the Bed unsearch'd, and so
he was his.

But Courage! stout Catholicks! I trust you have
learn'd (or else you were never well Catechiz'd in
your Fundamental principles) to distinguish betwixt
your Kings commands, and your Ghostly Fathers,
and which is preferable. If so, you will see there is
no such Necessity to be packing. How shall the *Stall*
Heretics (without *Infallible Spectacles*, and those
His Holiness reserves for his own Nose) know a *Roma-*
nist? Though he carries the *Beasts Mark* in his heart,
he does not yet wear it on his Forehead. But you'll
say, they'll purge our consciences. Prothee tell me,
what Protestant *Hammony* is strong enough to make
a through pac'd Catholick Disgorge *Infallibility*, or
the Popes *unaccountable power* & yet till they can do
that, they do but restrain *popery*, just as Quacks cure
Agues with *Jesuits powder* & The Fit will certainly Re-
vert, as soon as the malignant *Humours* can gather
Head, and the new convert Relapse on the first op-
portunity. Oaths will bind him no more than a *twind*
Thread Sampson. He can swallow the most Barbed
Test, as cleverly as *Hocum Doggers*, or a Dutchman
butter'd Cod-fish. A *Dispensation* (and that his Holi-
nesses charity and zeal, in so great and pious a Cause,
you may be sure will never deny) is alwayes an *infall-*
ible Help at Man, a sure *Antidote* against *perjury*,
though taken in never so large a Dose. The Jesuits
Doctrine



Doctrine of *Equivocation*, may hush the grumbings of the most *squeamish* Soul. However our pious *Maxime* avowed by a Council, *That Faith is not to be kept with Hereticks*, is a most convenient *Back door*, that will not fail to secure your Retreat.

But (because *Examples* are more perswasive than precepts) let me mind you of two famous *Instances* amongst many that might be repeated, did not your short time of stay forbid prolixitie. The first shall be that of the gallant *William Barry*, sworn a Servant to Queen *Elizabeth*, anno 1570. who three several times voluntarily took the Oath of Obedience to that Queen, prescribed in the first Year of her Reign, and yet afterwards (like a true and generous *Catholick*) conspired not only to depose, but Murder her, and came but *little short* of accomplishing it. For which brave attempt, in the Year 1584. he received the Crown of *Martyrdom* at *Tyburne*. The other is, of the great *Watson* a Priest, and one of our Modern *Saints*, who in his Book entituled *Quodlibetical Questions*, makes a serious Protestation — “*That albeit he differed in Religion from that which was professed in the Church of England; yet if either Pope or Spaniard should seek by Hostile means to invade his Countrey, he would willingly spend his substance, nay, his dearest Blood against any such as should attempt it.* — Could any promise more fairly or more fully? yet he himself, with *Clare* his Fellow Seminary, were the first that saluted the *Gallies*, for acting quite contrary therunto, by *Traiterous* designs against King *James*. And who shall boggle to follow such *Reverend and Holy* Precedents?

But

But, not to waste time in telling Stories——Will not our thred-bare distinction——*I am a Catholick of the Church, but not of the Courts of Rome*, do some feats? 'tis silly, I confess, *as if all the Animal Powers did not flow from the Head*, or he that embarks with the Devil were not bound to sail with him; But what then? we that have bubbled a grand part of the world into a belief of Transubstantiation &c. why may we not presume to impose upon them lesser absurdities?

To the case in hand: Would you know how to demean your selves in this unhappy Juncture? I have partly told you already: it is: be for the interest of the *Catholick Cause*, or your own Conveniencies, you may safely take the *Oath of Supremacy*. The King is higher then the Highest; but (I hope you mentally think) there are (even on earth) higher than he. 'Tis not the first time we have abused the Hereticks Scripture—you know your Priviledge. But if you must needs be joggling, be good Husbandmen in the Countrey, sow the Catholick Seed, but with a cautious hand. Most of you, Priests and Jesuits I mean, have good Mechanick Trades besides to live on, and help out at a dead life. A poor work-wanting Shoemaker, Taylor, or Weaver may unsuspectedly be entertain'd. What think you of performing a Quaker? the End you know hallows the Means, and the Badger makes a hole for the Fox. Speak loud of Catholick Loyalty——You may boldly surface the Powder Treason——*Adas!* 'twas above seventy years ago. And as for the small business of *Ireland*, 'tis almost forgot, or at least our Cruelties there were so incredible, that to those that know no better, they will seem Fables, especially, if you assure them 'twas only a Rebellion on a Civil, not Religious score, as Irish men, not as *Papists*——But as to our Loyal Adventures in *England*, perhaps they'll tell you necessity made our virtue; and though Whores are *Curses*, yet no woman had ever Rewards shew'd her for not being a common Prostitute. At most, that past-due Services can challenge no protection for after Crimes,——However, inculcate it still, 'twill amuse vulgar heads; and why may not we that can claim *Supererogating* merits from Heaven, Expect them from earthly Thrones? When

When the Treason appears too broad-faced——Then rail at the Jesuits——Cast the Odium there——Though the other Orders would have claimed as great a share both in the merit and booty; If the business had succeeded, at least, *Flori unde debet summum vales*, had been their excuse; yet 'tis better a few bear the blame (they have shoulders broad enough) than all.

Whisper where it may be safe——That 'tis only a *Trick of State*——A few decoyed Desperado's concerned; a conchant project for a *standing Armie*, (we wish they had been down, then most probably had we been up) drive that nail home, which alone well clenched in some thick scull'd heads, will nottably forward our work. Divide, and alienate the peoples Affections: 'Tis the only Card we have now to play. If we cannot wound the Government mortally, let's fly-blows it with Scandals and Suspensions, that no man trusting another, all may at last become our prey.

Scatter privately some horrid impossible Rumours of our parties Plots, that those being found silly and grossly false, our real designs may be disbelieved: Promote Reports and Scandals on persons unconcerned, as if they were Confederates: 'tis a blessed Line in *Macchiavel*——*If durst enough be thrown some will stick*. This at least will render them suspected, and divert their vigorous prosecution: and he that by Art can make a *Newer* of an *Enemy*, gains a Friend without being beholden to him.

They rail at us impatiently for Cruelty: for if we have, or shall (as who knows what may happen) kill thousands of Hereticks, 'tis all in love: Love to *Holy Church*, that she may not be troubled with them: Love to the World, that it may not be infected with them: Love to their Souls, that their Sufferings in the other world may be the less, by how much the time of their sinning in this is the shorter. And who will not rather applaud, than blame such pure *Catholic Charity*.

That which may add most to your grief, is to see (before your departure) our *Holy Fathers* Dignity so villified and exposed

posed in the Streets, on that cursed, infamous Fifth of November. Those London-Prentices (the first-born of Heresie) we have vowed as eternal hatred to, as ever *Hannibal* had against our Mother *Rome*. Yet are so far beforehand with them in Revenge, that whereas they can but burn his *Flaminian* Temple, he has formerly cauled their Ancestors (and we hope shall their Successors too) to be burnt in *propris personis*.

But how came they to sacrifice so many Popes together? Though it must be acknowledged, we had once a *justa Company* actually in being at a time; I mean about the year 1378. when *Gregorio* the twelfth, and *Benedict* the thirteenth, and *Alexander*, and *John* the twenty third, were all Four scrambling for the triple Crown: A shrewd Gap in our Succession, and Flaw in our Infallibility, especially since even the most unerrable Votes of our Council at *Pisa*, could not compose, but rather increased the Sacred Brangle: Yet how these unhappy *Lads* should come to know so much, to me is a Riddle. Though we should lock up the Bible, yet unless we could bury History too, I see there's no good to be done on this prying Age: I thought our good Friends, *Lepisthan*, and *Trallanus Theologus Politicus*, had done half our business; that those that value no *Religion* but *Interest*, had been strong enough to introduce OURS, which is so near of Kin. But if we are mistaken in our present Measures, let's wait a while; An expert Seaman can fall with the Wind in his teeth. Patience is then only a Virtue, when all others prove useless. Learn to be wise. Swim with that Tyde you cannot stem. Kiss those hands you would cut off; and Hang those you thought to Hang, at least until you can. But these few hasty *Hints* handsonely in practice; and expect, after next Foreign Post, further Directions from

November the 6th,
1678. Old Style.

Your Truly Admirer,
A. R.

F. I. N. I. S.



